HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

THE APOSTLE TO THE THEATRE HIS GARLAND.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG,

To the Tune of, *De'il ſtick the miniſter.*

YE wolves in ſheep's clothing I pray you draw near,
Nor lecture, nor ſermon, nor pſalm ſhall ye hear;
I ſing our *Scotch Shakeſpear*, that promiſing youth,
Whoſe tragedy puts this new ſong in my mouth.

With a fal, lal, lal, &c.

II. That

II.

That DOUGLAS eclipſes all other plays, DAVID
Did ſolemnly ſwear, as he hop'd to be ſaved:
A friend of the poet's this oath ſharply blam'd,
Your fate, ſhould it ſhare, it would doubly be damn'd.
Fal, lal, &c.

III.

Exalted on high a few clergymen ſate,
Where Satan triumphing preſided in ſtate;
For the devil's too wiſe to neglect to go thither
Where two or three in his name are met together.
Fal, lal, &c.

IV.

Dame Barnet's diſtreſſes the *beaux* and *belles* feel,
They ſoft'ned (O wondrous!) a heart tho' of STEEL.
S——L, C—— LE, and C—PLES were loſt in delight,
Tho' they prov'd in the end but a black ſight to WHITE.
Fal, lal, &c.

V.

But the reverend poet has nothing to fear;
His presbytery never will be ſo ſevere:

And

And his flock a good ſhepherd will reckon him ſtill;
While he gi ves them a pint, they'll ne'er quarrel his GILL †.

Fal, lal, &c.

VI.

Dame Barnet's great merit how ſhall I expreſs!
Dame Barnet! whom ſo many lawyers careſs;
So fondly careſs, that I ſay without ſcolding,
Pray think of the laws which aboliſh *Ward-holding.*

Fal, lal, &c.

VII.

This elegant lady would poſſibly fail
If ſhe at the bar ſhould attempt to prevail;
But lawyers, and writers, and all men muſt own ſtill,
She is out of all ſight the beſt *chamber council.*

Fal, lal, &c.

VIII.

She ne'er had conſum'd in ſuch tedious ſorrow,
Had her ſecond ſpouſe, like the firſt, been a hero;

And

† GIL MORRICE was an Earl's ſon.

And hence (to a jeſt, if you will, you may turn it)
The lady for Barnet miſtakes often ——
Fal, lal, &c.

IX.

Now ſhould ſome ſage critic think this ballad low,
And that it deals too much in a *feu des mots*;
I think ſo myſelf, and in other words ſay,
Like DOUGLAS it is but a very poor play.
Fal, lal, &c.

F I N I S.